

A spear deep-dipt in blood! which pierced his side,
And open'd there a font for all mankind
Who strive, who combat crimes; to drink and live:
This, only this subdues the fear of death.

And what is this?—survey the wondrous cure;
And at each step let higher wonder rise:

“ Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
“ Through means that speak its value infinite!
“ A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
“ With blood divine of HIM I made my foe!
“ Persisted to provoke! though woo'd and awed,
“ Blest and chastised, a flagrant rebel still!
“ A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne!
“ Nor I alone, a rebel universe!
“ My species up in arms! not one exempt!
“ Yet for the foulest of the foul HE dies;
“ Most joy'd for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!
“ As if our race were held of highest rank;
“ And godhead dearer, as more kind to man!”

Bound every heart! and every bosom burn!
Oh what a scale of miracles is here!
Its lowest round high planted on the skies;
Its towering summit lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel! oh that I could climb
The wonderful ascent with equal praise!
Praise! flow for ever; if astonishment
Will give thee leave, my praise! for ever flow;
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heaven
More fragrant than Arabia sacrificed;
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

So dear, so due to heaven, shall praise descend
With her soft plume, from plausible angels' wing
First pluck'd by man, to tickle mortal ears,
Thus diving in the pockets of the great?
Is praise the perquisite of every paw,
Though black as hell, that grapples well for gold?
Oh love of gold! thou meanest of amours!
Shall praise her odours waste on virtues dead?
Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,
Earn dirty bread by washing Ethiops fair,
Removing filth or sinking it from sight,
A scavenger in scenes where vacant posts,
Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
Their future ornaments?—from courts and thrones,
Return, apostate praise! thou vagabond!
Thou prostitute! to thy first love return,
Thy first, thy greatest, once unrivall'd theme.

There flow redundant—like Meander flow
Back to thy fountain, to that parent power
Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,
The soul to be: men homage pay to men,
Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow,
In mutual awe profound of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt, and turn their backs on THEE
GREAT SIRE! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing;
To prostrate angels an amazing scene!
O the presumption of man's awe for man!
Man's author, end, restorer, law, and judge!
Thine all! day thine, and thine this gloom of night
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds!